

The New-York Saturday Press.

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VOLUNTEER TESTIMONIALS

The New York Saturday Press.

From the Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.

The SATURDAY PRESS is very well edited, and is unquestionably, as a literary journal, a very able one.

From the West Troy Democrat.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the most independent, outspoken journals it was ever our pleasure to read. The Press gives the only complete list of new publications, foreign and home, anywhere to be found. It is therefore invaluable to those desiring to keep themselves posted in literary matters.

From the Springfield (Ohio) News and Journal.

The sharpest paper in the country.

From the Xmas News.

The sauciest and most piquant of our literary weeklies.

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We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are piquant and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and writer contributors.

From the Schenectady News.

The New York Saturday Press is a paper we add to our exchange list with great pleasure, and hope it will be sent to us regularly. As we want the Saturday Press for our own reading, we hope Mr. Clapp will see that his paper gets the news on his regular list. The Saturday Press has indiscriminate puffing as bad as we do, and is doing more for high art and letters than any other paper in the Union.

From the Fulton County Democrat.

The New York Saturday Press is the best and most independent literary paper in the State, with the single exception of the Home Journal, which has no particular claims to independence. The Press has all the wit and none of the stupidity of the Leader.

From the Piner's Herald.

We believe no one who has once bought and read The Saturday Press, will be without it afterwards—that is, if he is in any place where it can be obtained.

From the Bergen County Journal.

The New York Saturday Press is one of the sharpest and most interesting papers in the country. If you want a paper that has some originality about it, subscribe for The Saturday Press.

From the Clermont Courier.

The moonlight is full of the fragrance Of the blooming orchard trees, And the dewy silence is haunted With a dream of noonday bees.

The moonlit lily bends her Is not so fair as her face, The curved stalk of the lily Has not her slender grace.

With languid palms together She sits by the window long; In at the window the perfume Breathes like a subtle song.

Too subtle-sweet for numbers; And sighing for the years Of those spider and sorrow, Her eyes are full of tears.

W. D. HOWELL.

From the London Saturday Review.

LOVING CRITICISM.

The author of a very able and instructive criticism on Mr. Thackeray's writings in the last *Westminster Review* has happened to use a term which he may have used by chance, or which may have meant something to his mind, but which has become a piece of delusive claptrap among inferior writers. He tells us that certain works of art which he is speaking are only to be appreciated by 'loving and reverent criticism.' It would be absurd to say that such a phrase is necessarily an incorrect, or unmeaning, or bad one; but on the first hearing it we can detect a jingle which tells us that the region of vague thought and grandiloquent morality is not far off; and, as a matter of fact, we know that this is one of the phrases which both writers and readers allow to stand between themselves and accuracy of judgment. Originally the phrase was natural enough. It had a temporary and historical value. The school of writers who first brought it into use consisted of men whose leading sympathy was to the cause of the nineteenth century, and whose leading topic was the greatness displayed by the human mind in certain ages that were very ill-judged. They were struck with astonishment and filled with indignation when they compared, on the one hand, the intensity of intellectual and moral effort which the labor of the great dead indicated to their practical eye, and, on the other, the petty acts of supercilious indifference with which the ignorant critic and hasty traveller of the present day treated the glories of the past as almost beneath notice. By patient study and by the instinctive sympathy of genius, a few persons learned what had been really intended and readily accomplished by those whose works have survived the wreck of time. They preached to their generation the results of their own experience. They told their contemporaries who criticised the great works of great men, that the only way for the critic to understand the man he criticised was to acknowledge that the servant was beneath his master, and the disciple beneath his teacher, and that they must follow the path of thought and enterprise where the great men led them, before they could pretend to judge where it was taking them. The critic must, in fact, think himself the inferior, and reverse his superior. His criticism must cease to be presumptuous, and must become reverent. And the comprehension of great minds involves much labor and much patient study. The task cannot be taken up to any profit unless the student has fostered a strong liking for it. His criticism must, they said, by a rather bold use of language, be a 'loving' one. This they proclaimed to be the only mode of judging the great creations of the human intellect with any degree of success, and it was the exact opposite to the mode which they found generally practised. To conceal, therefore, they preached moderation, and to contemptuous indifference they preached affectionate patience.

They took up their parable to their generation, and, whatever faults of manner and method they may have displayed, no one can doubt that they were right, that they have done a vast amount of substantial good, and that the general level of criticism has been greatly raised by their efforts. But all these parades addressed to particular generations have the disadvantage of leaving behind them a set of phrases which are adopted as having an acknowledged value because their value at one time was real, but which, after the occasion that called them forth has passed away, become mere obstacles to clear and independent thought.

'Reverent and loving criticism' is one of these phrases. The general lesson which it once taught has been successfully inculcated. No critic who has the least pretension to critical power is now unaware that he must try to understand what was meant and felt by the person on whom he is passing a judgment. But the phrase remains, and its present use can be distinctly traced to its origin. It was from the first didactic. It told people what they were to do. It annoyed a robust, and suggested the road to amendment. But the persons who first used it had a right to use it, for they had the vantage-ground of real knowledge, generally acquired; and the purpose for which they said it was unavoidable, for they only asked for assistance and love towards what was confessedly bad and undesirable.

From the Schenectady Daily News.

A paper that cannot be hired to puff what it thinks worthless. The N.Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a valuable antidote to the swindle of New York weekly papermen.

From the Burlington Times.

We remain of opinion that the SATURDAY PRESS is the abest edited and most entertaining weekly paper in New York.

From the Springfield (Ohio) Journal.

The N.Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the sharpest paper on the Continent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS, if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom if ever down again till you have read the last word. It is the best of papers.

great. It is very different when the phrase is used merely by one of a crowd towards his fellow, and with regard to works the value of which has yet to be settled. An ordinary critic who says of a new production that it must be approached with reverence and loving criticism, really tells us nothing but that he likes the thing, and that, if we do not like it, he should consider us the sort of people that wanted a good sermon hurried against them. We remember to have read somewhere, when Mr. Hunt's picture was first exhibited this year, that it could not be judged properly unless it was approached with reverence. This was entirely begging the question of its merits. It was saying, 'This is a great work of art, and if you do not think so, you are not a judge of art.' It was substituting dogmatism for criticism. It was evident that the writer really wished to do more than express his own opinion, which of course he had a perfect right to do. He wished to give a slap in the face to those who dared to disagree with him. He wished to let them know that it was their moral obligation that prevented their seeing as he did. It comes to the old assertion of all dogmatists, that it is very wicked to disagree with them. What he himself has been justified in saying would have been, 'I think this a great picture, and if I am right, it is evident that it can only be understood by trying to follow the painter's thought, and taking the necessary trouble to do so.' No one can fail to see that there is a difference between saying this and saying that the picture must be criticised reverently and lovingly; and the difference expressed the writer's desire in sermonizing his neighbors.

Criticism, in the long run, has only one duty—that of being true. What is wanted is that the judgment pronounced should be a true judgment, not that it should be reverent or loving. To estimate merit or demerit by the right standard is the sole aim of a critic. Of course, if the work he is criticizing is acknowledged to be great, he is bound to take great pains to understand it, and he must be well aware that he cannot possibly arrive at a true judgment about it unless he enters into the conception that lies at the bottom of it, and examines minutely the mode in which this conception has been worked. These are the resources of his art, the steps by which he arrives at truth. If an author is not intelligible, or if he has no thought worth investigating, or if what he has is limited, the task of the critic is easy. If the thought can be understood, but is complex and comprehensive, his task is difficult. 'Reverent and loving criticism' merely means criticism which, if true, is necessarily laborious. But it seems to mean something more, and this false appearance cannot be worn without doing harm: It may seem at first that it can make little difference whether we say of criticism that it is laborious in the search of truth or that it is reverent and loving. But practically it makes a considerable difference, for the better-sounding phrase calls people off from the task of passing a true and just judgment, and makes them inclined to substitute a subtle kind of self-applause for the simple wish to be right. It is quite worth while to prevent this; for it is only by tearing away all the veils which people construct to hide realities from their minds that they can be taught to think fairly and freely.

There are, we think, two ways in which the use of this phrase, 'reverent and loving criticism,' tends to inspire a forgetfulness that the single aim of criticism is to be true. In the first place it offers a premium on all prejudices and on the cherished opinions of all cliques and sets. What people principally stick to and believe in, and refuse to examine and discuss, is exactly that which they rever and love. Nothing, therefore, seems so comfortable as to hear that by judging of favorite opinions in a reverent and loving spirit, a good judgment is formed. Let us take, for example, the case of a religious party. A work is brought out by a leader of this party, and is submitted to the criticism (if we may use the term) of the party at large. Those who attempt to guide the opinions of the party will proclaim that this new work is to be approached only with reverence, and be made the subject of 'loving criticism.' Practically, this means that all the readers are to preserve an attitude of slavish and unquestioning admiration, unless they wish to be outcasts. It may be said that such a book ought not to be the subject of loving criticism, and that this species of judgment is properly reserved for great books. But who is to be the judge? Every partisan thinks himself at liberty to adopt his own standard of greatness and goodness when reverence and love are made the test of good judgment. Any one who pleases can say of any product of the human mind, that it is to be judged reverently. If A thinks that an accurate representation of two ruined peaches is a great picture, to be judged with reverent and loving criticism, who is to gainsay him? If B says that Mr. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy can only be comprehended if it is studied in a spirit of love, how are we to know he is wrong? We never tried, and are no judges. It is precisely because what are called reverence and love are made the instruments of judging a writer, that all external criticism is utterly powerless to shake the faith of a clique in the infallibility of its idol. Arguing, for instance, never alters the opinion of the kind of people who believe in Dr. C. Cummings. They are not staggered by finding the date of the end of the world altered about once in six months. They do not agree that their apostle is to be judged by the canons of sober reason. They say that the right way to judge him is to go reverently and lovingly through all his varying applications of the obscure name in English to modern statesmen. It cannot be doubted that they are encouraged to do so by a general habit of speaking which they find in books quite unconnected with their favorite author, and which speaks of reverence and love as the proper instruments of criticism. Of course, a writer of real ability understands that truth is everything, and that reverence and love are steps to it, and therefore he may use the phrase as the author of the article in the *Westminster Review* uses it, as if every one must regard it in the light in which it appears to him. But it so exactly falls in with the tastes of narrow thinkers and minor farragoes to adopt it in a sense which makes it imply that the necessity for independent examination can be superseded by the attainment of a particular frame of mind, they would be utterly unlike themselves if they did not take advantage of their opportunity.

Then again, this phrase lends some sanctity to the process by which a very different and very superior order of critics is tempted to swerve from the proper task of criticism. The foundation of the phrase is the call upon the judge to enter into the meaning of the judged. It is perfectly right and perfectly indisputable that he should do so; but it is quite possible that he may be too satisfied with doing it. He may content himself with understanding; and understanding is not judging. There are critics who make the giving of an opinion entirely subordinate to the writing out what the person criticised is understood by his audience, or by the critic himself, to mean. This is useful, but it is not critical. It is properly an instrument, not a final process. A critic is bound to have an opinion of his own, not only as to the meaning to be given to the words of what is written. Persons may not, why a critic should think his opinion of the value of a

great book or work of art is the least worth publishing?

My dog does not mean reverently and lovingly study instead of pronouncing his miserably small and insignificant opinion? There is some sense in this, but it goes too far. It cuts up criticism altogether by parts. It shows, not that criticism should be reverent and reverent, but that it should not exist. The idea lies in preserving the worth of the critic's opinion as an utterly false standard. The critic's opinion is very poor thing as compared with the great-work of criticism; but it is not apparently a poor thing as compared with the opinions of other persons who have taken less pains to form a true and just judgment.

The world must have opinions of some sort about books and paintings, and the critic offers to

give this opinion's little truer by expressing an opinion that is the result of study and reflection.

It is offering a definite opinion as a starting point for the rest that he does what little good it lies in his power.

If he fails to offer a definite opinion, he does not carry all readers with what they want from him, and it certainly appears to us that the notion of criticism ought to be reverent and loving tends to make a critic hazy and indeterminate, whereas the notion of criticism ought to be true, tends to make him clear and precise.

[From 'Once a Week.]

JRANKE.

Where's the way to Jeannie's house?

Any child will guide you;

Or we may find the road yourself,

The river runs beside you.

II.

Where's the way to Jeannie's heart?

That cannot answer;

Heaven knows that,

Find it if you can, sir.

III.

Is this the way to Jeannie's house?

As straight as you can go, sir;

Down the valley, through the wood,

And by the brook below, sir.

IV.

What's the way to Jeannie's heart?

That I cannot say, sir;

A long way up, a wavy way down,

In truth, an unco' way, sir.

V.

Some on horse, and some on foot,

Comes hither many a score, sir;

Who's on horse to Jeannie's heart,

Maun bring a coach and four, sir.

[From the New York Saturday Press.]

CUTT BROWN'S 'ARTISTS' RECEPTION.'

At last it came off. All Winter we had been managing to get our friend Cuyp up to the necessary degree of enthusiasm and hospitality. Not indeed that we needed much about high art, but for the sake of dispositions. We know that we,—the 'we' who wished to assist,—were the body and soul of the late-named 'Ethical Whist Club,' that had been here two years that are gone to bring us together once more in the Abingdon week-for-meals, and, *café*, Do you reader inquire—What *means* *that*? Let me explain: It differs from the ordinary article just as a dinner at Delmonico's differs from a chop at Win-dust's. The chop is there, the serious business, just the same, but preface and taper off by a pepper potato and a dainty dessert. The E. W. C., alas! has passed away. Where are your sympathies now? Where your jokes, your logic, your bowls of punch, and packs of cards? Where indeed, the rose that bloomed last June!

For once, however, we are determined to revive the past. One short night we would devote to old memories, forgetting the added expense of accumulated years, burying the interval with all its joys and sorrows,—tragedies to some of us and farces to others,—clean out of sight. The Spring was the time for the *réunion*. Cuyp Brown's pictures the provocation. Yes, the Spring it should be to all means, for who of us does not feel a new birth psychologically with the return of every Summer solstice? In short, 'not to put fine point on it,'—the Spring fever!

No one of those fine May evenings—

When lies the earth all bare to the stars,

we were bidden to the feast; by which expression I don't mean lobster-salad and green-seal, the sort of thing that anybody can have who has the vulgar money to pay for it; but that so fitly described by the poet, in which the place de resistance is reason, and the accompanying lubricator, gush of soul.

The old asthetic whistlers were to be there, of course: Slap, the jovial, Chesterfield, the Father, and Robinson,—some of them, like the ugly dogs, had taken themselves ribs in the meantime; but who were they but the Zenobias and 'airy fairy Lillian' of days of yore? Windsor, too, was to be there; and our old friend Briggs, who now does the art-business for the Illinois Weekly Gladiator,—not, however, in any official capacity, for the first great requisite upon entering Araby the best, is to 'shirk the shop.'

Welcome and congratulations over, Cuyp ushered us into his studio. Now an artist's studio, when properly gotten up, is to him but of the craft, one of the most delightfully suggestive places in the world. Here were busts and statues in plaster and marble, antique tools, paintings veiled and unveiled, Madonnas on steel, and saints in sepias, rare bronzes, luxurious lounges, and in the corner the inevitable lay figure. What wonder that we glibbed off like a clipper from the stocks into the great sea of talk!

"This," said Cuyp pointing to a sea-coast scene, "is one of the fruits of my last Summer's labors. You observe the sand-pipers I have introduced on the shore under the very shadow of the breakers picking up their fragrant meal. My object has been to illustrate the contrast of repose and grandeur in nature. It would seem, too, that there is a sympathy between the great and the little; or at all events an entire absence of fear on the part of the piping."

"The meditated mind," observed the father, "knows no fear. If you never frightened a child by foolish stories he would as lief traverse a graveyard by night as the nursery."

"We all have observed," said Chesterfield, "that the most courageous persons are often those who are most ignorant of danger, and vice versa."

"That vice versa," said Robinson, "must account for Briggs' description of the ship on our last cruise."

"How was that?" from all sides.

"Well, you see we had been out all day in consideration of a gale, and towards night we made a rather impudent passage without chart or guide. It rained

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Me voice encore !
I have been silent two weeks, for a reason which in my other paper than the SATURDAY PRESS would be insatiable;—to wit, that I had nothing to say.
And by the way, General, did you read the SATURDAY PRESS, last week?

If you did, I'll lay an egg that you explained my silence by that.

If so, you were stupidly in the wrong.

If I thought that the SATURDAY PRESS were approaching its dissolution, I would no more desert it than I would desert the Union, which, in my opinion, will be dissolved about the same time.

I have heard of the SATURDAY PRESS dying several times before; but between you and me, General, I don't believe a word of it.

It is a paper that the world will not willingly let die.

The mere fact that it is about the only paper we ever had that dare talk plainly to you, will save it.

If necessary, you will come forward and save it yourself, if only to get some relief from the twaddle of the other papers.

And not only from the twaddle (which one might excuse, since it is adapted to a certain low class of readers), but from the nauseating puffery which forms the staple of the most of them, and which they all defend, on the ground that without it they couldn't live—as is undoubtedly the case.

But why should they live?

Nobody wants them, particularly, that I know of, except the fancy advertisers; and they only because they can make catapaws of them.

It wasn't for what they make by puffing putty, soap, hair-gum, quack-medicines, etc., etc., they would all die in less than a month.

And people say is good many do that unless the SATURDAY PRESS goes into the same business, it too must die.

Gammon.

The literary class alone will prevent any such catastrophe; for this puffing policy has done more to degrade literature, and to bring the literary profession into contempt, than words can tell.

Think of a grocer, or a putty-maker, or a quack-doctor, being able to boast that he owns such and such editors, and can make them say what he pleases at any time, by paying them so much a-line!

And imagine the self-respect of the said editors as they bow and smile to such people, and pocket their dirty money !

And then think of the grocer, the putty-maker, the quack-doctor, etc., going back to their shops in the Sixth Ward, or wherever, and chuckling over the fact that they can buy up these literary fellers by the dozen—as they can, and cheaper than horse-beef.

Now, General, I don't believe that a paper like the SATURDAY PRESS—which has kept itself clean from any such taint, and established its position as about the only newspaper in the land not hopelessly given over to puffery—will be permitted to stop for want of support.

I believed formerly that the theatre could be supported without the third-row system; and I believe now that the press can be supported without the puffing-system.

Was right in respect to the former kind of prostitution; and I think I am right in respect to the latter. But whether I am or not, I would as soon see the editors of the SATURDAY PRESS become public pimps, as to see them become public puffers—even to save their gallant little sheet.

I know, my dear General, that all this may seem to you out of place in a Dramatic Feuilleton,—but the fact is that I can write about nothing more important even in the interest (which I have much at heart) of the theatres, which, like all other institutions, suffer sorely from the puffing system urged so pertinaciously, and by some otherwise decent persons, upon the SATURDAY PRESS, and practised unscrupulously, and almost without exception, by the other journals.

As long as this system prevails (and it prevails more or less indirectly even among what are called, for some reason, the "respectable dailies"), so long every theatre in the country is exposed to what amounts to a species of black-mail.

In fact, any paper whose dramatic criticisms are governed to any extent by its advertising columns, is engaged to exactly that extent in black mailing the whole dramatic interest.

And the dramatic criticisms of nearly all the papers are so governed.

This is not a pleasant statement to make, but it is a true one.

And to the Subscriber, who undertakes in his poor way to write the dramatic criticisms of the SATURDAY PRESS, it is a source of unspeakable satisfaction to know that he need never concern himself, for one moment, whether anybody advertises in the paper or not.

All that is required of him is to say what he really thinks; and if the effect of what he says is to withdraw support of any kind from the paper, why that is a thing, which however it may be regretted, he is not expected to be in any way concerned about.

Now, since on these conditions alone can there be any fair dramatic criticism, and since these conditions hardly exist outside of the SATURDAY PRESS, it follows that if that paper is in any danger of stopping account of its independence, or from any other cause, the matter comes legitimately into this Feuilleton.

But whether it does or not, I have said what I have said, and am satisfied, after carefully looking it over, that it was about the right thing to say.

I know that the SATURDAY PRESS is considered, by many, to be crazy on this subject of puffing; but if I could tell all the facts within my own personal knowledge on the subject, it would be found that the SATURDAY PRESS is entitled to the gratitude of the whole community—and especially of every lover of literature and art—for having turned its face against a system compared with which ordinary black-mailing is a blessing, and ordinary swindling a virtue: a system, moreover, which, although it exists in other countries, has never been considered respectable in any other country than this, where it is practiced not only in the secular papers, but in the papers devoted nominally to the cause of Christianity.

And this, my dear General, is all I have to say until next week, when I may trouble you, again, with a word or two about the theatres.

At present, my mind is wholly occupied with the affairs of the SATURDAY PRESS, which, by the way, I have just learned, are brightening up.

Good !

But, O General !

What would happen to the land,
And what would happen to the sea ?

if the SATURDAY PRESS should happen to go on; and it should thus prove that a paper can be supported in New York, without the editor being obliged to sell himself to every pill-maker, putty-monger, horse-doctor, or what not, who comes along, and thus make his office as loathsome if not as disreputable as a mock-auction shop?

Why, General, if one such paper should be firmly established, it would revolutionize the entire Press of the country.

As for the Sunday papers, they would all go by the board in no time.

Yours, to the end,

QUELQU'UN.

An interesting memorial of the great John Brown is about to be published by Mr. Hutton, of Piccadilly. It is a reprint of a hitherto unknown work, written by the poet for the support of his wife and family, while he was confined in Bedford jail. Mr. Offer will edit it and supply an introduction, giving many new facts about Brown's prison life.

Correspondence.

(The Love of Christ constrainteth us.)
ROOMS OF Y. CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON, 10, BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR BROWNER.—Will you not send us your publication gratis? We are unable to subscribe.

Yours fraternally,

J. ASHBY, Corresponding Secretary.

To the Publisher of THE SATURDAY PRESS.

Epiphany.

Since the love of Christ constraineth the Young Christians of Trenton, N. J., to make the above request, we cheerfully comply with it, although we should like to know whether the love of Christ constraineth the Youths aforesaid to procure their food and raiment in the same way, in which we should say that to be a Young Christian in those parts was on the whole a rather humiliating thing. —[Ed. SATURDAY PRESS.]

REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.

According to his almost annual custom, Dr. Cumming has produced another book, which, as he justly observes, "does not pretend to any originality," or "to impart any new light to the scholar." It would certainly be the height of impudence if it did, inasmuch as, by the author's own admission, every part of it is not composed of the washy rhetoric of which (with a greater or less infusion of greatness) such preachers always compose their sermons, in derived from four or five authors whose works Dr. Cumming "has studied with intense interest," and whose conclusions and arguments he has transferred wholesale to his own pages.

The cool impudence of this process is unapproachable. Dr. Cumming once published a book called "Apocalyptic Sketches," which was nothing more nor less than an unauthorized abridgment of Mr. E. B. Elliot's "Holy Apocalypses." It would seem from his own statements in his present volume, that he considers this conduct perfectly justifiable if it is only avowed with an openness which, before he was found out in Mr. Elliot's case, he did not practice.

Dr. Cumming's modest disclaimer of scholarship is very like his admission that he wants originally. It comes a little too late. On former occasions, we have exposed his ridiculous ignorance of the classical languages which he delighted to quote. In his present volume, he has taken warning, and has cautiously abstained from both Greek and Latin. Here and there a single Greek word is modestly inserted in his pages, but the dismal labor of reading his book is no longer required by the amusement of such a quotation. Even quodam rem, or such a derivation as unpolite, living out of the city. It is true that the flood of frothy eloquence is occasionally illuminated by flashes of ignorance, but they are trifling in comparison to the glorious displays of old. Bagdad, we are again informed, is situated on the Euphrates; Gomerland has ceased to mean Cumberland, and is now asserted to be Germany; and we are favored with the following specimen of mathematics—a branch of ignorance which, it is hard to say, Christianity itself could have survived the crash of the Roman Empire, and the fierce conflicts of the different kingdoms which were afterwards established in Europe without the support which the independent organization of the spiritual power gave to religion and morality. The obligations of law, literature, agriculture, personal freedom, and all the other elements of civilization, to the Romish clergy are almost equally great. At the present day, a very large fraction of the human race Christianity through that medium alone has stopped. This being so, it seems almost inconceivable that any one should either believe, or even persuade himself to believe that he believes, that Popery is a mere evil to be malignantly destroyed. That it involves a variety of evils we all know. That there is nothing supernatural or mysterious about it is what all Protestants believe; but there is neither justice nor common sense in describing an immense institution which in some points is very corrupt, and which makes, with very little effort, a vast number of antiquated and exaggerated claims to obedience, as an Antichrist, a mere nuisance, and an intolerable evil, the utter and miraculous destruction of which would be the great step to a final happy consummation of all human history. There is just the same sort of justice and probability about Dr. Cumming's account of the Papacy that there was about the language which the most narrow-minded and ignorant of the Radicals used to employ, thirty or forty years ago, about the unformed Parliament. There are certain number of what, in expressive slang, are called "raws," about rotten boroughs and sinecures, which every wretched little pothouse orator who had a small amount of fluency and could get up a few statistics at second-hand could declaim about to an ignorant audience in search of excitement: and Dr. Cumming's position is just about as dignified—except, indeed, that he exposes himself to no danger, and that his performances have absolutely no practical tendency whatever.

Foolish abuse of the Roman Catholic is perhaps entitled to some sort of consideration on account of its traditional popularity. It is a folly in which Protestant clergymen may claim a sort of prescriptive right to indulge themselves. But Dr. Cumming goes a long way beyond this. Another event which appears to him very likely to form an item in the blessed consummation of all things is the utter destruction of Austria, Russia, and France, which are to be miraculously overthrown, whilst England, with the help of the Jews, is to sit by, "pursuing its sublime mission, and shall not fail until it melt into the millennial day," and the curtain of the world's history falls on Dr. Cumming, singing Hallelujah in a Scotch mist. Holy Willie's prayer was nothing to this:

Cursed be their basket and their store,
Kali and potatoes.

But Lord remember me and mine
With much tenderness and divine.

Excused by none
And all the glory shall be thine.

Amen, Amen.

If by some miraculous interposition, France, Austria, and Russia were suddenly destroyed, of course there would be no more to be said; but surely the man who thinks such an event likely to happen in a few years' time must have the strongest notion of his Maker's attributes. We English are sometimes taunted by foreigners with our insular bigotry and selfishness; and certainly, if Dr. Cumming were anything like a fair specimen of his countrymen, there would be no other answer to the taunt than silence and confusion. If any spectacle can be at once more contemptible and more disgusting than that of a fanatical Irish Bishop who makes a prayer for the repose of souls that were never dissembled the occasion for insulting the institutions which allow him and his to talk treason without even the ordinary restraints of grammar, it is that of the Crimean campaign, and predict the approaching destruction of Russia, France, and the Pope, by an alliance between England and the Jews, it would be no other answer to the taunt than silence and confusion. If any spectacle can be at once more contemptible and more disgusting than that of a fanatical Irish Bishop who makes a prayer for the repose of souls that were never dissembled the occasion for insulting the institutions which allow him and his to talk treason without even the ordinary restraints of grammar, it is that of the Crimean campaign, and predict the approaching destruction of Russia, France, and the Pope, by an alliance between England and the Jews, it would be no other answer to the taunt than silence and confusion.

Those who like may read how "vessels of baseness" mean steamboats, and "swiftest beasts" stand for railways; how Tarash and his young lions mean England, which possesses Gibraltar, which is near Tarash, which was once called Tarash, which may stand for Tarash; whilst the Royal Standard boats of "both past and rampart." The greater contains the less, and if Iash and Eekiel really did foretell the Popeship, and if Eekiel really did foretell the Pope, he would be a sort of prophet of the Romish church.

He does not insist on it as an article of faith, but he thinks it extremely likely to come to pass. We need not dwell on his minor arguments. Those who like may read how "vessels of baseness" mean steamboats, and "swiftest beasts" stand for railways; how Tarash and his young lions mean England, which possesses Gibraltar, which is near Tarash, which was once called Tarash, which may stand for Tarash; whilst the Royal Standard boats of "both past and rampart." The greater contains the less, and if Iash and Eekiel really did foretell the Popeship, and if Eekiel really did foretell the Pope, he would be a sort of prophet of the Romish church.

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(For the New York Saturday Press.)

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Ho! brothers of the North, a word,
Before the deed is done;
Before men separate the two
Whom God hath joined in one.

Before the firebrand on each hearth
Is flaming in the air,
Before grey ruin sits and broods
Where once our idols were.

Remember! while time yet remains
To tarry in your path,
You ne'er can wipe away the stains
Of blood you spill in wrath.

Remember! how long years ago
We battled side by side,
How victory poured our arms upon
In a resolute tide.

Shoulder to shoulder—hand to hand
We fought our mutual foe,
And grasped the birth-right to our land—
O! shall we let it go?

Since then, for four-score years and more
In harmony we two,
Twin heirs of Liberty, have stood
Together—we and you.

We've braved the nations of the earth
With all their boasted might,
Together we can brave them still
When battling for the Right.

And shall they see it, Northern men?
Your blood is in our veins:
Send back an answering No! from Maine
To Indians' plains.

Let go your traitorous knavish hounds.
Who'd lead you in the wrong,
And join us till each hill resounds
With this true Union song.

God save the Union he has made.
And let it ever stand
While freemen's blood in freemen's veins
Shall circle through the land.

Let each forgive the other's sin,
And forward on the right,
Till every crime of North and South
Be quenched in glorious light.

FRANK H. NORTON.

New York, Nov. 10, 1860.

FAIR ONES WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

The poets, ancient and modern, have a deal to say about golden tresses, yellow ditta, and others of kindred hues, more or less akin. And the commentators have been diligent to trace out their meaning, not without some solicitude, at times, less pure and simple red should turn out to be the desideratum. What else could Theocritus mean when he made two of his handsome swains purrotiko—with tresses like fire? Mr. Leigh Hunt, in reference to this very epithet, cannot believe the favorite golden hair to have been red—for which color, nevertheless, he frankly owns a sort of tenderness—but he thinks the proximity closer than modern taste would approve, and that gods went a good deal beyond what it is sometimes supposed to have been, auburn. "The word yellow, a variable term for it, will do for auburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious color, and we suspect will always be admired by us of the North, where the fair complexions that recommended golden hair are as easy to be met with, as they are difficult in the South." Ovid and Anacreon are quoted to the purpose—a couplet from the latter being rendered by Ben Jonson in a single line, "Gold upon a ground of black." But Mr. Hunt appeals to a memorandum in his possession, "worth a thousand treatises of the learned," to show what Italian connoisseurs at least understood by golden hair. This a solitary hair of Vittoria Colonna's contemporary, the famous, or infamous, Lucretia Borghia, whom Ariosto has praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to think a wretch. It was Lord Byron's gift to the author of "Rimini," and was obtained from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrasian library at Milan. And its possessor reports of it, that if ever hair was golden, this is. "It is not red; it is not yellow, it is not auburn; it is golden and nothing else; and, though naturally looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass."

Gold hair needn't be golden gold, is the last line of a quatrain which Mr. Landor composed in honor of this "bright particular" relic.

Chaucer in his vision of the Queen of Love tells us that all her here it shewes as gold so fine,

Dashed, crisp.

In another vision he sees another beauty "with here she shewes as gold"—and again, "with here in tress . . . and shining every dote." So, too, Venus in another of his poems: "Her glitt'rous heare with a golde thredes / Bound were, untreasur'd as she lay." The snowy ladye created by Spenser's which as Florimell's double, is carefully provided with the semblance of chiome d'ore:

Bynded of yellow locks her did dyde
With golden wyre to weare her curied head:
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimell's heare bende.

as may readily enough be supposed, without too wry-draws an objection to the old lady's handicraft. When Florimell, again, doth her healest, "her golden locks, that were upbound still in a knot," are said in their descent to have

About her backs and all her bodye bound:
Like as the shynge shyn in sunne's right:
Is crested with all thise of firs light, etc.

Here, too, is another picture in the same effigient style:

Lies to a golden border old appear,
Painted in a gaudy frame, a gaudy hand:
Yet golden locks coming could not understand
To frame such noble wyre, no shane right:
Painted in a gaudy frame, a gaudy hand,
The which, besides with firs where were
Trewes forth upon the rounge round about him here.

So the virgin bright Alm'a's yellow golden heare was trimly wovee, and in tress wrought. And in fine, Spenser makes it a foreseen danger in "beauties lovely hate," that thereby a man is "wrept" (lest there be a golden tress). We might corroborate gentle Edmund's preference by copious testimonies from other Elizabethan poets. Robert Greene, in particular, abounds with parallel passages. Thus, in his Description of Silvestro's Lady, fantastically enough,

Her hair of golden heare doth dite the heare
That prest Apollon giveth from his coach.

In his "Francesco's Rosedalay,"—

The golden tress that shines in the day
Is to the tress of her hair,
Her amber tressman did my heart dismay, etc.

In his "Puritan's Palmer's Ode"—

I taught my master to have green gold,
And in the end he had none, and
Her amber tress were the right;

That wrapped me in pale delight.

He shows as Diaz's nymphs "loathing their golden hair" (in rhyme); and in the case of a cheery-old Phillie, calls "Phoebe" wife compared to her hair

unworthy the praking' (hexameter); and begins an Ode with

When gods had framed the sweet of woman's face,
And looked men's looks within their golden hair,
and again brings in a peerless pastoral Phillie, "Gold her hair, bright her eyne, like to Phœbus in his skin." Shakespeare makes Portia's "smoky locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece;" and her bridegroom talks of "those cristed, smoky, golden locks (not meaning hers, look you), which make such wanton gambols with the wind," and do terrible execution the while, saying, too, of his lady-love's portrait in leaden casket he opens,

Here is her hair:

The painter plies the colors, and hawke wives

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,

Faster than galls in collops.

In such a web was caught our Edward the Fourth—of

whose ambitious wife, Elizabeth Woodville, in an histori-

cal novel of authority on such points, we read:

"Her hair of the pale yellow, considered then the per-

fection of beauty, sowed so straight so shining down

her shoulders, almost to the knees, that it seemed like

a mantle of gold;"—Edward's own locks, by the way,

being of a rich golden color, that "flowed not in curls,

but straight to his shoulders;"—In his sixty-eight son-

net Shakespeare alludes (as he also does in one of Bas-

sano's speeches, just quoted) to the custom of violat-

ing the grave to procure tresses so much in request,

and adapt them to living (but otherwise less favored)

heads:

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulture, were shown away,

To live a second life on a second head,

Ere beauty's dead sleekes made gay.

The tresses thus obtained, the annotators tell us, were

dyeed a reddish or golden color, in compliment to Queen

Elizabeth, whose natural hair was of that hue, and

who herself set the example of wearing artificial

locks.

If Milton paints our first progenitor with "hyacin-

thine locks," to Eve he gives the chiome d'oro, rich

and rare:

Shee as a vail, down to the slender waist,
Held by a golden golden girdle, were wove

Discreately, her waistes ringlets wove

As the vines curse her tendrils.

Milton, we may infer, considered black the best be-

seeing color for the locks of model manhood. Had

Ben Jonson been the writer, we may conjecture what

coloring he would have given to Adam's hair, from a

passage in the *Underwoods*, one line of which has been

cited already:

Young he'll have him too, and fair,

Yet a man ; with crisped hair,

Cast on a thousand snarles and rings,

For his face is full of woe,

Chestnut color, or more black,

Gold upon a ground of black.

of, we may suppose, a shot-silky look. The stress laid

in many of these versicles, on "crimped," is noticeable,

and points to a particular species, which every reader

must have recognised, of the hair called golden.

Scott tells us, of Malcolm Gram, that "his flaxen

hair, of sunny hue, curled closely round his bonnet

blue"—which might, to malicious anti-Caledonians,

suggest more than a soupsce of rosemary. Nero him-

self has been glorified as a sunburnt, sun-crowned

emperor, albeit his hair was not, says Mr. Merivale,

"the bright auburn of Apollo, the delight of the Ro-

mans, to which it was so often likened, but yellowish

or sandy." C'est différent,—but people are apt (es-

pecially when an emperor's in the case) to make mis-

takes of this kind. They fling about their golden ephe-

thetes with lavish indiscretion. Persons who had never

seen Shelley, or were incapable of correctly distin-

guishing hues and shades of color, have sometimes erroneously assigned to him "golden hair;" it was of a

dark brown, without a tinge of red, or yellow : there

was no more gold in his hair, than there usually was

in the poor fellow's pocket." And yet, in some lights,

hair even thus dyed may assume the sunny aspect

intimated in Ben's line, of gold upon a ground of

black.

Though modern poets may no longer find such a

love-lock as that elders did, in such particular hair of

the chiome d'oro, still they indulge in worshipful alli-

ances—some of them quite redundantly—to tresses of

this tendency. Tennyson's "Enone" has "deep hair-

brosial, golden round her lucid throat and shoulder ;

and her lover's "sunny hair clustred about his tem-

ples." Longfellow's ideal Maidenhood has locks that

. . . . cushion the sun,

As the braided streamlets run.

Babe Christabel's brow with a very "dawn of light

was crow'd, and ringing ringlets showered round, like

sunny sheaves of golden beams—

and another heroine of the same poet's manufacture (in some manufac-

ture) gold is dirt cheap) has "a sumptuous wealth of

golden hair" ;—like young Apollo, his catcart of golden curls ; "one white hand hidden in a golden shoal of ringlets;" "round his white temples reposed his golden hair, in ringlets beautiful," etc. No wonder heroes of this make-up are a thought light-headed, with those ringlets of theirs. Not with them would we class one of Mrs. Browning's fair visions—the Onora whose

. . . . hair drops in clouds amber-colored, till stirred

into the glory that comes with a word.

Nor may the many glimpses we catch in Mr. Browning's poems, of kindred hues, after Titian's own heart. The author of "Paracelsus" is, indeed, added beyond the ordinary to aureoli and coronal congoresses. His lady, in "A Lover's Quarrel," "powders her hair with gold." His Evelyn Hope's "hair was amber" and "young gold." The last stanza of his "Toccata of Galuppi's aka,"

. . . . art connoisseurs are no less immortal,

With envy and with dark revenge mimetized,

And made a thing of shame!

Yet the heart's instincts are no less immortal,

On history's roll how stained thy holy name,

With envy and with dark revenge mimetized,

And made a thing of shame!

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